

# The Saturday Evening Post.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### "THE LYRE I TOUCHED."

The Lyre I touched—when on my way  
Young Fancy first had birth.  
When thought was blossoming as new,  
For lo! a strain of melody came,  
It poured a wild and thrilling air,  
Without one note of sorrow,  
For all the joys of yesterday  
Were mirrored on the air.

The Lyre I touched—in Lore's green bowers,  
At virgin Beauty's shrine;  
Its note was like the voice of love,  
When emerald leaves beneath the shower  
For Love and Truth were plucked then  
With deep and fond emotion,  
And life was bright and joyous, when  
Youth paid the heart's devotion.

The Lyre I touched—when a rude storm  
Had laid the blossoms low,  
Which Youth had turned round Beauty's form  
And decked her happy brow;  
It note in sternest accents fell—  
It spoke a stern rebuke,  
As when the lightning's shafts fell  
Autumnal winds were stealing.

The Lyre I touched—when the war wraith  
Was dashed from Joy's bright crown,  
And sorrow took its place on the lyre,  
To shroud my heart;  
It sang the tale of misery,  
Which erst was melody,  
Nor deemed I pleasure in music  
The while its notes were flowing.

The Lyre I touched—I'll touch no more,  
Its chords shall ever sleep;  
Where Fancy's fire once burned so bright,  
The music but to weep;  
And Hope had fled—no added mood  
The wailing form declares.  
And every chord that once was true  
Where all my peace repeats.

## LINES.

I dreamed—I saw a star and giant form,  
Rolling o'er the earth, a lurid storm;  
And the livid light of his eyes, as he sped,  
Blazed his way through the clouds of the dead;  
And while the smoky clouds around him curled,  
His golden locks, the brilliant demon hurled,  
And his eyes, as he sped, blazed his way,  
And his eyes, as he sped, blazed his way.

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## THE PSEUDO-CRITIC.

Or, the Learned Pig in the Flower Garden.  
Thus bellowing twice: what dost thou there,  
Thou Pseudo-Critic—where?  
Thou Pseudo-Critic—where?  
Thou Pseudo-Critic—where?  
Thou Pseudo-Critic—where?  
Thou Pseudo-Critic—where?  
Thou Pseudo-Critic—where?  
Thou Pseudo-Critic—where?

## TO MOSES.

Sunt quibus in Salsitra videtur nimis arce.  
The mischief produced by pretensions to critical dis-  
tinction, is much greater than is generally supposed.  
And the more the mind is pointed against truth, the  
more generally is error.

So long have slandering lies their efforts spent,  
To stain the name of truth, and make it seem  
As long neglected, has an answering pen  
To notice the slanders, and to show  
That the truth is not so easily won,  
And that the truth is not so easily won,  
And that the truth is not so easily won,  
And that the truth is not so easily won.

## MUSIC.

Say not through life's saddest we rose,  
When Music's spell is o'er,  
For who could list to lips that love,  
And feel their words were dear.

O Music in an airy dream,  
Which wraps each sense in ecstasy,  
Thou art the voice of Paradise,  
His thrilling lay of minstrelsy.

Oh say not then through life we rose,  
Unblest with joyful strains,  
Since Music and fair Woman's love,  
Home its transient scenes.

## THE MORALIST.

"Ourselves evil with good," or reformation by means of  
kindness.  
Mr. —, a friend of mine, says a correspond-  
ent of the London Monthly Repository, found that one of his clerks had wronged him  
considerably. Without appearing to have dis-  
covered the circumstance, Mr. — desired the  
young man to come to his dwelling-house  
in the afternoon; he watched for his arrival,  
opened the door himself, and after leading  
him up into a chamber, and locking the door,  
informed him that all his misconduct was made  
known. Pale and trembling the offender dropped  
upon his knees. The master bade him  
not be terrified at the punishment, but think  
of the guilt of the deed which he had done;  
and after saying as much as he thought would  
be profitable, he left him, carrying the key  
from the outside of the door. Before night he  
took him refreshments, and talking to him again  
decreased him to go to bed and reflect. He  
treated him in the same way through the whole  
of the next day, suffering no one to enter the  
room but himself, and endeavouring to im-  
press his mind in a manner that you will im-  
agine better than I can describe. When the  
succeeding day drew to a close, he visited  
him for the last time, saying, "I now come to  
release you; here is a letter to a friend of  
mine in London, who knows nothing of your  
crime, and will give you immediate employ-  
ment. Here is money, (added he, putting a  
purse into his hand,) to support you till your  
first quarter's salary becomes due." He then  
conducted him out of the house unseen by  
any one. This benevolent treatment awak-  
ened the gratitude and effected the reformation  
of the young man, who is now a person of  
highly respectable character.

## THE CHRISTIAN & THE WORLDLING.

This life to the worldling is one continued  
dream—a fairy land in which his senses are  
bewildered, an ignis fatuus which leads on the  
miserable wanderer in the pursuit of what he  
never attains, till death breaks the enchant-  
ment, and the wretched victim of his own fol-  
lies is awakened to inconceivable woe.

But if life is a dream to others, it is not so  
to the Christian. It is with him the morning  
of eternity; he wakes and watches, while  
those around him sleep, and enjoys all the  
blissful realities of certain existence. The  
day-spring from on high diffuses its light  
through his soul, while many of his fellow-  
travellers are enveloped in darkness. With  
him, time loses its fleetness, the world its fol-  
lies, and the grave its terrors. He stands upon  
a point, from whence he perceives all period-  
ical around him, but though the earth should  
reel from his footsteps—even though the  
everlasting mountains may tremble, and the  
perpetual hills may bow, yet he, in exulting  
adoration, stands fast, the immutable promises  
of Jehovah are his sure foundation, and the  
atoning blood of Christ his certain refuge.

Life is with him the glimmering twilight, chequered  
with clouds indeed, but irradiated with a  
ray of light divine, which at death dawns into  
everlasting day.

Soon will my soul throw off this mortal cov-  
ering, like the bird stretching its wings for  
flight, to seek a milder region; when death's  
cold, wintry blast shall lay this body low,  
my soul shall soar on high to happier climes where  
are no changes, where winter never enters,  
but a perpetual verdure crowns the year, and  
spring for ever returns.

## East India Buriel Service.

During the funeral ceremony, which is solemn and affect-  
ing, the Brahmins address the respective el-  
ements in words to the following purpose:  
O Earth! to thee we commend our brother:  
of thee he was formed, by thee he was sus-  
tained, and unto thee he now returns.  
O Fire! thou hast claimed our brother: dur-  
ing life he subsisted by thy influence in na-  
ture; to thee we commit his body: thou em-  
blem of purity. May his spirit be purified on  
entering a new state of existence.  
O Air! whither the breath of life continued,  
our brother repaired by thee: his last breath  
is now departed; to thee we yield him.  
O Water! thou didst contribute to the life  
of our brother: thou wast one of his sustain-  
ing elements. His remains are now dispersed;  
receive thy share of him who has now taken  
an everlasting flight.

## FRIENDSHIP.

"Give me the man whose life is mild,  
Whose general good to all mankind,  
Who, when his friend, by fortune's wound,  
Falls tumbling headlong to the ground,  
Can meet him with a warm embrace,  
And wipe the tears from off his face."

Disappointment is the lot of all;—and where  
is the man that can say that all his plans are  
completed and his every wish obtained? We  
see mankind in every portion of the globe  
struggling with all their force to prosecute  
some design, suggested either by their desires  
or wants, starting every nerve, and employ-  
ing all their faculties to accomplish their ends;  
and among them all, how small a portion meet  
with success. The patient perseverance of  
industry is exhausted, the boldness of enter-  
prise fails, and all the dexterity of stratagem  
is naught. Plans may be formed with the  
most skill and sagacity, pondered on and  
matured with so much care and deliberation  
that defeat seems impossible; guarded with  
unwearied caution and diligence, against dan-  
gers on every side, when some unthought of  
occurrence, which comes across, unforeseen  
and unaccounted for, baffles their wisdom,  
and prostrates all their plans and labours in  
the dust. Mankind have tried for ages, in  
vain, by the utmost extent of human abilities,  
to discover a path which, in any profession,  
leads with unerring certainty to success.

When a man has tried faithfully, yet un-  
successfully, to obtain what he wishes, he may bring

comfort to himself, and happiness to those  
around him; when he has seized the cup and  
is just raising it to the parched lip of expect-  
ancy with one hand, while the other is raised  
in thankful adoration to him who has crowned  
his labors with success, then should perverse  
fortune, by a blasting stroke, dash the cup  
from his hand, and leave him, pointed at by  
the finger of scorn, to wander alone and un-  
furnished through a world that cares not for  
his sorrows.

Oh! there is aught can light his eye  
Which grief has caused to languish;  
Oh! there is aught can soothe his sigh  
Which leaves in bitter anguish.

Yes, there is one, and only one who then  
can cheer his gloomy spirit, dissipate the  
clouds that hang around, and remove the fur-  
rows from his brow. It is a disinterested  
friend; one who feels for the suffering of a fel-  
low man, and seeing talents and feeling, and  
sensitivity, beneath the garb of wretchedness,  
will extend the hand of kindness and bind up  
the wounds which a base, ungrateful world  
has opened; one who knows and feels that he

Compare this man with the selfish, sordid  
wretch, who dishonours the native dignity of  
his own soul, and centres all his thoughts and  
affections on the idea he entertains of his own  
happiness and greatness, and prostitutes virtue  
and honour in the pursuit of shadows and  
unreal forms which attract his admiration.  
How great the contrast! while the one merits  
and receives the applause of every friend to  
virtue, on the other is bestowed the purchas-  
ed praises of sycophantic flatterers; while the  
exit of one is lamented by every friend of hu-  
manity, and his soul waits for happiness on  
the prayers and blessings of the unfortunate,  
the death of the other is only viewed as an es-  
cape for the miserable from the thrall of his  
oppression.

Let us then emulate the bright example of  
the former, while we exorcise the base selfish-  
ness of the latter, and strive to be among those  
who, when they see a friend distressed,

THE LADIES' FRIEND.  
THE WIFE.—How sweet to the soul of  
man (says Hercules) is the society of a be-  
loved wife! When wearied and broken down by  
the labours of the day, her endearments  
soothe her tender care restore him. The sol-  
idities of his anxieties, and the losses of his  
fortunes of life, are lavishly to be borne by him  
who has the weight of business and domestic  
cares at the same time to contend with. But  
how much lighter do they seem, when, after his  
necessary avocations are over, he returns to his  
home, and finds there a partner of all his  
griefs and troubles, who takes for his sake  
her share of domestic labour upon her, and  
soothes the anguish of his anticipation. A wife  
is not, as she is falsely represented and  
esteemed by some, a burden or a sorrow to  
man. No; she shares his burdens, and she  
alleviates his sorrows; for there is no difficulty  
so heavy or insupportable in life, but it may be  
surmounted by the mutual labors and the affectionate  
concord of that holy partnership.

## FEMALE HEROISM EXEMPLIFIED.

The female character, when life passes  
smooth and tranquil, appears to be wholly  
made up of tenderness and dependence. It  
shrinks from the gaze of the rude, and recoils  
from the slightest touch of the impudent. But  
how ever it may appear in these circumstances,  
certain it is, that when dangers impend, traits  
of heroism and intrepidity dart out and this  
tenderness and dependence, like lightning from  
the soft fleecy clouds of a summer's evening.  
So, when we stand by the ocean's side, and  
view its smooth and tranquil bosom, we little  
suspect the terrible energy of its waves, when  
lashed into fury by the winds.

The following fact confirms these remarks:  
In the year 1759, Henry and Emily a newly  
married pair, and the children of wealthy pa-  
rents in Boston, left their parental abode, de-  
termined to effect a permanent settlement at  
a place called D—, Mass. Emily had been  
brought up in the midst of affluence, and was  
acquainted with distress and poverty only in  
the abstract. Though her character was  
made up of all these qualities which we most  
admire in her sex, yet no one would have  
suspected the presence of those which her  
subsequent life so abundantly evinced. After  
the lapse of five years, their house and farm  
presented the appearance of neatness and  
comfort; and except being sometimes startled  
from the slumbers of midnight, by the yell of  
the savage, or the howl of the wolf, they had  
themselves suffered no molestation. The  
prosperity of the house was bounded on all  
sides by forests, except in one direction,  
where there was a deep valley, from which  
the wood had been cleared to open a com-  
munication with an adjoining town.

The rays of the setting sun, shooting almost hori-  
zontally into this valley, enabled the eye to  
reach to a great distance, and formed a strik-  
ing contrast to the deep gloom that bounded  
both sides of the way. It was through this  
opening that Henry might frequently be seen  
at the close of day returning from labor in a  
distant field. It was here too, that the eye  
of affection and hope first caught a view of  
his beloved object. One evening, about the  
end of June, Henry was seen about half way  
up the valley on his way home. At this in-  
stant a tall, stout Indian leaped from the ad-  
joining wood—seized upon the unprotected  
and unsuspecting Henry, and appeared to be  
in the act of taking his scalp. The forest  
around rang with savage yells, and four In-  
dians were seen bounding over the fields to-  
wards the house. In an instant the tender  
and dependent Emily was transformed into  
the bold—the intrepid heroine. She delib-  
erately fastened the doors—removed her two  
sleeping children into the cellar—and with  
her husband's rifle, stationed herself before  
the window, facing the Indians. The fore-  
most Indian had just then disappeared behind  
a small hillock, but as he rose to view he fell  
in the grasp of death. She hastily reloaded,  
and anxiously waited the approach of the  
three remaining Indians who appeared to be  
exhausted by running. Two of these met

with a fate similar to that of their companion;  
but the third succeeded in reaching the door,  
and commenced cutting it down with his  
hatchet. Our heroine, with admirable pre-  
sence of mind, recollecting that she had a  
kettle of boiling water above stairs, took it  
and poured it down this son of the forest;  
who, that instant looking up, received the  
whole contents, hot as they were, into his  
face and eyes. Blinded and scalded by the  
water, and rendered desperate by being thus  
outwitted by a woman, (which of all things a  
savage most abhors,) he ran furiously around  
the corner of the house, and stumbled into a  
deep well. Freed from immediate personal  
injury, she became deeply anxious to know  
the fate of her husband. On looking towards  
the spot, where he had been first seized upon  
by the Indian, she beheld him not only alive,  
but struggling with fearful odds against his  
force, both armed with blood. She immedi-  
ately hastened to his relief, and unperceived,  
deliberately dispatched a ball through the head  
of his adversary. On the discharge of her  
gun both fell; the one in the convulsions of  
death, the other by exhaustion; the one was  
restored to his mother earth; the other to  
the arms of an affectionate and truly manly  
WIFE.

A great mistake in choosing a companion  
for life, is to lay weight on the present charms,  
without considering what effect they will pro-  
duce in the married state. Rashfulness and  
reserve are agreeable in a young woman, but  
they make not a capital figure after she is  
married. On the other hand, gaiety, giddy-  
ness, and coquetry, are wonderfully enticing;  
but they are very improper in a married wo-  
man. I knew a young woman, frank, honest,  
and hospitable; but of manners a little coarse  
and unpolished. Who would choose for a wife  
one so deficient in delicacy and good breeding?  
She found, however, a husband; and regard-  
ing to him made her assume a more correct be-  
haviour; his politeness insensibly grafted itself  
upon her: he was hospitable, and she made  
an excellent second.

## FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

### EVERY DAY, or HIGH LIFE.

The scene opens with a sitting room,  
a lady is reclining on a sofa, reading a no-  
vel, her servant enters and informs her that  
Mrs. Runabout is in the parlour.  
Lady.—Did you say I was at home, Sally?  
Sally.—Yes, ma'am.  
Lady.—Oh! I wish you had said I was out.  
What is the reason that you can never tell me  
my visitors that you will see if I am at home,  
that I may know who they are, and tell you what  
answer to give them?

Sally.—I would have done so, ma'am, but  
Mrs. Runabout said she had seen you come  
in a little while ago, and thought she would  
take this opportunity to stop in and see you,  
as she had called several times before, and you  
were out.

Lady.—Well, there is no help for it, I sup-  
pose I must make the best of it, go and tell  
her that I will be there in a minute.

Sally.—Yes, ma'am. (Exit servant.)

Scene changes: Mrs. Runabout is seen  
sitting in a parlour beautifully furnished, and  
the lady of the house just entering with a face  
overbrightened with smiles.  
Lady.—Oh! my dear Mrs. Runabout, I can-  
not express the pleasure that I feel at seeing  
you! Are you well?  
Mrs. R.—I am quite well, I thank you; how  
are you?

Lady.—I am very unwell, and have been so  
for some time past; I have been wanting to  
come and see you for a long while, and should  
certainly have done so, if I had been able.

Mrs. R.—I am very sorry to hear you have  
been sick; I knew nothing of it, I assure you;  
I have called to see you several times, and  
your servant has told me you were out.

Lady.—Oh! I have not been confined to  
my room, I have been in to see some of my  
neighbours once in a while.

Mrs. R.—As I was walking down the street,  
I met Miss Furber; she had on a dress of  
quite a new pattern; (here she glances through  
a description of Miss F.'s dress, and concludes  
thus)—but I don't think it becomes a young  
lady like her to be following the fashions.

Lady.—Her father was left twenty thousand  
dollars, by a relation of his that died lately;  
he was wealthy before, but that is a great  
accession.

Mrs. R.—Why, is it possible? I thought he  
was in poor circumstances; they are a clever  
family, and I like Miss F. very much; but I  
thought she was a little too particular in  
dressing according to all the new fashions;  
however, what I said to you was in confidence.

Lady.—Oh! I shall not mention a word of  
our conversation, as it relates to that; indeed,  
I have thought the same myself.

Mrs. R.—Do you intend to call on them  
soon?

Lady.—I was thinking I would call next  
week; I should like you to accompany me,  
for I expect to derive a great deal of pleasure  
from the visit, especially as I have heard, that  
Lady —, who has lately arrived from Eu-  
rope, is there.

Mrs. R.—I should like to go, very much,  
and I hope you will do me the favour to call  
for me, as it will be in your way. I should be  
very much pleased with being introduced to  
her ladyship.

Lady.—I will certainly call for you, if noth-  
ing happens to prevent it. But, what do  
you think of the higher class of people having  
titles to distinguish them from the vulgar?

par, lo! there is a great outcry of "imposi-  
tion," and they cannot be made to submit, so  
that in the great and the rich have no  
higher privileges, in law, than the vulgar and  
the poor.

Mrs. R.—It is just so, my dear lady; yet,  
hard as it is, it cannot be easily remedied; it  
would be very hard to overcome the prejudice  
of our nation; if our homespun firebrands  
had not been so foolish, it would be very  
different; however, as the vulgar saying is,  
"things that cannot be cured, must be en-  
dured." I should like to stay with you longer,  
ma'am, but, as I have several places to call  
at before I go home, I cannot; I must, there-  
fore, bid you adieu.

Lady.—I am very sorry you cannot stay  
longer; you must come again soon; I shall  
always be pleased to see you.

Mrs. R.—You must be sure and call for me  
next week; don't mention anything I said  
about Miss F. she is a lovely girl—goodbye.

LUTION.

## FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

### DESULTORY SKETCHES—No. IV.

(Good friend, a pretty outline do you sketch!  
House in a tripe—poetical dispatch!)

He who for the first time views the sea,  
should the weather be mild, will undoubtedly  
be disappointed; for we have all formed an  
idea, so exceedingly vague, of its appearance,  
that the want of definition in our own minds,  
leaves us unsatisfied. Although unable to tell  
what we expected to behold, we still feel that  
something that has not been presented to  
us. My feelings, on first seeing the ocean,  
were exactly of this sort. I gazed on the  
green waves, and tried to peer through  
the mist that hung in the distance, as though  
it hid something new from me. I almost  
wondered why I did not see a foaming whale,  
or why some ship was not plunging headlong  
to her destruction. Disappointed, I was about  
to turn my eyes away; but I could not, for  
my mind now began to appreciate the scene:  
wave after wave came sluggishly in, and cast  
itself upon the beach, with a hollow, moaning  
noise; as far as I could see, I watched the  
swell of the waters, which heaved the smooth  
surface into countless undulations, that were  
lost in each other, whilst numerous large  
birds were skimming o'er them; I watched  
these until they were lost in the horizon, to  
which my eye unwittingly turned for land;  
and I felt an insupportable emotion when I  
reflected that those waves rolled free to the  
shores of Europe—nay, to the utmost parts  
of the world, skimming all the mysteries of  
the deep, heedlessly rolling o'er rocks and  
wonders that the eye could scarcely scan, nor  
the mind conceive. But I had no time to in-  
dulge longer in my reverie; for the beach  
was now covered with bathers, all anxious to  
plunge in the salt water. The appearance of  
some few of these, brought to my mind the  
pool of Bethesda, but the greater portion  
seemed full of health and spirits; in they  
plunged, and then there ensued a scene of  
confusion; as the waves broke in amongst  
them, some were overthrown, and swallowed  
whole mouthfuls of water; others, more ex-  
pert, dove through them, whilst the rest re-  
treated up the shore. For my part, I contented  
myself with looking on, and then trudged  
up to the house, along a path ankle deep in  
sand.

At a watering place, we meet all sorts  
of people, from the dashing blade of fortune  
to the sober son of dependence—in a six-  
bottle man, to a water-drinker. This is not  
to be taken, however, as applying literally  
to all places of this sort. What I wish to im-  
ply is, that at these places of resort, we al-  
ways find men of comparatively high and low  
stations in life—for I can assure the reader,  
where I was, amongst the whole company,  
there was not a man who drank Madeira wine;  
nor one who could afford to drink it. This,  
however, as far as I could discover, did not  
decrease the enjoyment of any of them; for I  
am sure there never was a party who enjoyed  
the salt water more than the boarders I now  
found myself among; nor were they idle on  
other scores. Some were off fishing by the  
break of day; others roving the meadows and  
swamps with eager assiduity, trying to kill a  
curlew or a willet; some (and this portion  
included most of the ladies) were gathering  
shells on the beach; some climbing hills of  
sand, and every one endeavouring to make  
the best of his time. For my part, I tried all  
in succession: shot, fished, walked, bathed,  
and gathered shells; but the birds were shy—  
the sea frowned at our fishing—the sand al-  
most precluded walking—there was not a  
shell on the coast worth the trouble of pick-  
ing up; I got tired of bathing, and to crown  
the whole, the mosquitoes bit most uncon-  
sciously all night, the remedy for which was  
closing the windows and doors, and creating  
dense smokes, whilst the thermometer stood  
between eighty and ninety. I couldn't stand  
it; with the man in the play, I exclaimed,  
"D. I. O. P. H." (which translates, "Damme  
I'm off") and so made the best of my way,  
by the help of sailboats and stages, to Mount  
Holly, where I found all the town in a bustle  
about the launch of a steam-boat, which took  
place that night, and indeed presented a beau-  
tiful sight. Fires were made on both sides  
of the creek, whose bright flames dissipated  
the deep gloom of the hour, and threw a red  
hue over the water, the boat, and the spec-  
tators, to a considerable distance around.

For a moment, all were silent, listening to  
the soft notes of a musical party on the water,  
whose well-accorded flutes and voices de-  
manded attention; then the shrill note of a  
bugle rang along the banks of the creek—the  
band of a Volunteer Corps played a lively  
tune—the hammers of the shipwrights rang  
on the blocks, and amidst the shouts of the  
beholders the "L. FAYETTE" was launched.  
In Burlington, I observed nothing peculiar.  
In Bristol, I dined with two superannuated  
buckles, and officers of the first water, whose  
whole conversation seemed designed to prove  
that they were acquainted with one of our  
first families before they had "assumed the  
rank they now hold." Of course there was a  
great deal of ungentlemanly innuendo and  
poor backbiting, which, in persons of a lower  
station, would have been considered very  
vulgar. Including my thoughts pretty freely,  
I sprang into the steamboat and proceeded  
home.

## FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

### The Departure of General L. FAYETTE.

from this City.

The night was still and calm, the moon, and  
all the lesser luminaries, shone in all their  
purity; no tempest seemed to dissipate the  
serenity; thousands were crowding to the  
wharves, to take one long, one lasting view  
of "of whom" you'll say. Why, of the noble,  
generous L. Fayette. No stormy pas-  
sions raged in the breasts of the spectators,  
for all were intent on one only object—to  
catch one glimpse—to hear that honoured

voice once more. How calm, how undisturbed  
the scene! Silence prevailed o'er the in-  
creasing multitude; moments seemed length-  
ened into hours that delayed his appearance;  
all were in anxiety, for noble feelings filled  
each breast. They were waiting to greet,  
to honour the man, who, from disinterested  
motives, had left his home, his friends, his  
all, to encounter the horrors of war for our  
country. Then should not such a man be  
honoured? Should he not possess the love,  
the esteem, the veneration of freemen?—  
Yes!—and what greater honour could a man  
wish than such esteem and respect? Mo-  
narchs may scoff at it; but let them know  
that it is the free effluence of the soul, not  
extorted by the sword, but gained by the  
pure and uncontaminated, from the heart.  
The universal silence that prevailed now  
gave way to the shouts of the multitude, for  
the object of their wishes appeared; the  
dense crowd made way for the vehicle in  
which he was seated; he passed to the boat,  
and embarked amidst the reiterated cheers  
of thousands. She pushed off, and glided  
magnificently down the stream. All watched  
her progress till she disappeared. The dis-  
persing crowd returned in silence to their  
homes, and joined in the hope that the de-  
clining sun of the hero might set in all the  
splendour of its moon-day beams.

CYNTHIO.

## FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

### THE SOLDIER—A FRAGMENT.

The blast of the war-trump had ceased;  
the cannon's awful thunder was no more.  
France, with her banners mildly unfurled,  
the genius of peace resting thereon, with a  
splendour that illumined the world, permitted  
her brave sons to seek their homes respec-  
tively. The shadows of night yet lingered  
in the valleys, moving slowly before the victor  
beams of morn, as though willing to reign a  
little longer, when I reached the first of those  
hills behind which stands the cottage of my  
ancestors. The brightness of the morn in-  
creased; the glaciers were glistening like  
purest amber, as I hastily mounted the huge  
oak, whose prismatic trunk carried me far  
above the impetuous cataract that roared be-  
neath. "Yonder!" exclaimed I, in transport,  
as our moss-covered church-tower first broke  
on my sight; "Yonder!" embosomed in those  
tall pines that seem to pierce the sky, is the  
loved abode of my aged sire, my wife and my  
children." My affections outstripped my  
haste, and hovered around my little fire-side  
in all the pleasure of expectation. I pictured  
to myself my aged father, seated in his great  
oaken chair, that chair that had been posses-  
sed by his sire's sire, with his venerable grey  
locks waving to the constant motion of his  
head, as though nature, weary with a four-  
score year's employment, intended shortly  
to stop the wheel of life; my amiable Mary,  
seated at her wheel, drawing, with admirable  
grace, the delicate fibrils from the loaded dis-  
tal, converting it, with rapidity, into nicely  
twisted thread, relieving the constant hum of  
the wheel by some mournful ballad of the  
catastrophe of our hunters, or the fate of a  
wounded soldier, which would arouse my  
father from his reverie, cause his blood to thril-  
l through his veins, and, for a moment, give  
youthful vigour to his nerves; my three love-  
ly children, with their play-things, close in the  
corner, to prevent effacing the nicely-sanded  
floor, that has been so long prepared for my  
reception. "Oh!" said I, "with what unde-  
finable emotions will they receive me; how  
will my fond wife, throwing aside her em-  
ployment, clasp me in her arms; the fulness  
of joy will make her powerless of speech,  
while her fond heart again will beat in union  
with mine; then will my children, fondly  
climbing on me, each strive to gain my plumed  
cap to place upon his head; then will my  
father grasp my hand, and anxiously inquire  
how our soldiers have fared—how we follow-  
ed the great Napoleon to St. Bernard's vast  
heights—how we braved the legions of Aus-  
tria, on Marengo's victorious day; then, seat-  
ing myself by the fire, my children reclining  
on my father's knee, listening to the tale of my  
wife on the other, while our poor old Trudy  
partaking of the felicity, will, from between  
my feet, watch my every word, will I recount  
to them the dangers I have passed—how many  
a fur, in glorious fight, had fallen by the valor  
of my arm—how I braved the hottest fire, and  
forced the ranks with the gallant Desaix—  
how I closed his eyes, and grasping his lifeless  
body in my arms, conveyed it triumphantly  
through the thunders of the enemy, and re-  
turned to avenge his death." At this moment  
I reached the place where once stood my cot.  
"Oh! ye powers preserve me!" I exclaimed,  
falling upon the ground. "My wife!  
my children!" said I, slowly recovering, and  
looking wildly around me. Nought but a  
heap of ashes met my eyes—nought but a  
heap of ashes covered the spot where all that  
I held most dear resided! Too soon, alas!  
did I learn the heart-rendering story. A forag-  
ing party of the enemy, returning, loaded  
with plunder, triumphing in their booty, and  
probably exasperated by our success against  
them, with savage barbarity, in the defence-  
less hour of sleep, set fire to the cottage, and  
all, all perished in the flames.

HORACE.

## COLLECTANEA.

From Tales of a Traveller, Part 4.

About six miles from the renowned city of  
the Malays, and in that sound and sea of  
the Sea which passes between the main land  
and Nassau or Long Island, there is a narrow  
strait where the current is violently com-  
pressed between shuddering promontories,  
and horribly irritated and perplexed by rocks and  
shoals. Being at the best of times a very volu-  
tent, hasty current, it takes these impediments  
in mighty onsets; boiling in whirlpools;  
heaving and fretting in ripples and breakers;  
and in short, indulging in all kinds of wrong-  
headed paroxysms. At such times, we to  
unlucky vessel that ventures within its clutches.

This tempestuous humour is said only to pre-  
vail at half-tide. At low water it is as pacific  
as any other stream. As the tide rises it be-  
gins to fret at half-tide it rages and roars as  
if following for more water, but when the  
tide is full it relapses again into quiet, and for  
a time seems almost to sleep as soundly as an  
allegiance after dinner. It may be compared  
to an overbearing hand-drover, who is a peace-  
able fellow enough when he has no load on  
all, but when he is overplayed the very devil.  
This mighty hand-drover, a halcyon little strait  
was a place of great difficulty and danger to  
the Dutch navigators of ancient days; preter-  
ing their tub-like bark on a most unruly style,  
whirling them about in a manner to make any  
but a Dutchman giddy, and not unfrequently  
stranding them upon rocks and reefs. Where-  
upon out of sheer spleen they denominated it  
Hellegat (literally Hell Gate) and solemnly

Save it over to the Devil. This appellation has since been aptly rendered into English by the name of Hell Gate, and into nonsense by the name of Hell Gate, according to certain foreign intruders who neither understand Dutch nor English. May St. Nicholas confound them.

**Jenny Dawson.**—Shenstone's pathetic and affecting ballad of Jenny Dawson will be admired as long as the English language shall exist. This ballad, which is founded in truth, was taken from a narrative first published in the *Parrot* of the 24th of August, 1746, three days after the transaction it records. It is given in the form of a letter, and is as follows:

"A young lady, of good family and handsome fortune, had for some time extremely loved, and was equally beloved by Mr. James Dawson, one of those unhappy gentlemen who suffered on Wednesday last, at Kensington Common, for high treason; and had he either been acquitted, or have found the royal mercy after condemnation, the day of his enlargement would have been that of his marriage."

"I will not prolong the narrative by any repetition of what she suffered on sentence being passed on him; none, excepting those utterly incapable of feeling any soft or generous emotions, but may easily conceive her agonies, beside, the sad catastrophe will be sufficient to convince you of their sincerity."

"Not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution; she was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her, and accordingly followed the sledge in a hackney coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled, which was to consume that heart she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without betraying any of those emotions her friends apprehended, but when all was over, and she found that he was no more, she threw her head back into the coach, and exclaiming, 'My dear, I follow thee! I follow thee!'"

"*Jenny Dawson* receive both our souls together, I'll send on the neck of her companion, and exclaim the very moment she had done speaking."

"The excessive grief which the force of her resolution kept smothered within her breast, is thought to have put a stop to the vital motion, and suffocated at once all the animal spirits."

"In the *Whitehall Evening Post*, Aug. 7th, this narrative is copied with the remark, that, 'upon the inquiry, every circumstance was literally true.' A ballad was cried about the streets at the time, founded on the melancholy narrative, but it can scarcely be said to have aided Shenstone in his beautiful production."

**REMARKS.**—A Paris paper furnishes the following remarkable anecdote:—About 109 years ago, a man, aged 18, was condemned to the gallies for a hundred years and one day. The man has suffered in full the sentence of the law, and has now returned to Lyons in France, where, claiming an estate belonging to his family, the proprietor, M. Berthollet, who had thought the purchase very fair and safe, agreed, by the advice of his lawyer, to settle the contentious matter by giving the real proprietor £4000 sterling, (nearly \$20,000.) This would the old man, at the age of 118, has lately offered his hand to a woman and is shortly to be married!

## EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

From late English papers received at New York.

A Hebrew roll of great antiquity, found in a vessel captured by the Greeks, has been transmitted to England, and the British community were occupied in its investigation. A1200 is asked for the relic.

A suit is before the English Court of Chancery, about a small piece of land, which the Lord Chancellor took occasion to say, if then sold, would not bring one-fourth of the costs incurred, which amount to upwards of £7000.

**At Aleppo,** in Syria, a firm was issued on the 12th of August last, prohibiting the sale of "the Bible, the Psalter and the Gospels," in the dominions of the Sultan.

An immense assembly of persons attended the sale of the freehold villa and effects at Brighton, England, of the late Henry Bouverie, Esq., that is, the executed felon. The highest prices were given for these relics. A solemn account is published in the London papers of the funeral of his widow's mother, and the widow was still "incomparable."

The great foot race between captain Thompson and G. P. Manning, Esq. for one thousand guineas, took place on the 23d December. The run was, who should "do the most ground in fifty minutes." Mr. Manning headed the captain in the sixth mile, but the captain won the race by about forty yards only.

The Pope has issued a bull appointing the year 1825 a year of jubilee for the whole Catholic Church, and inviting the faithful sons of the Church to make a pilgrimage to Rome.

**Further Intelligence of the ship Diamond.**—The following very interesting letter, written the morning the *Diamond* was stranded, and addressed to the Consignees of the ship at Liverpool, was forwarded to the owner in N. York by the *Amethyst*, arrived at Boston. From this it appears that only seven of the passengers, and a part of the crew, were lost.

"I am concerned to inform you that the ship *Diamond*, bound from New York to Liverpool, has stranded about 3 o'clock this morning on St. Patrick's Causeway, in the bay of Cardigan, between Harrowood and Llanelli, and that the masts and rigging are only to be seen. Three of the crew are lost, and about seven passengers. Part of the cargo of cotton and wool, began to come on shore. The officers of Harrowood, and some of the coast-guard, who have been on the spot, are property, are diligent and active in their efforts."

The *Captain and First Mate* are lost, so that the second mate of the name of Russell, is the only person who can give any information on this unfortunate business. The sooner the better, you will send some person to superintend the damaged cargo, which in all probability will daily come on shore.

Signed, G. OWEN."

**A Cat's Qu'om Family.**—In a small village, a few miles from Cheltenham, (Eng.) there resides a man who is engaged in the following various avocations:—Schoolmaster, sexton, parish clerk, head of the parish, crier, horse-doctor, dentist, barber, postmaster, and cat-keeper. His wife is a manufacturer of hollyhops and holly leaves, and red herring, and is an inimitable dancer, takes in washing, and lets out a daisy.

This industrious man has a son twenty-five years of age, who plays upon the violin and clarinet, speaks three languages, has mastered three voices, been twice shipwrecked, and three times turned over in a stage-coach.

**A ship saved by a Cat.**—The *Dart*, taken with sails, was brought into Plymouth on the 24th Dec. She had been found at sea deserted by her crew, who, it is supposed during the late storm, were all swept from the deck, or left the vessel in a small boat.

By the same ship, Capt. J. L. Cap. 4, and 4th of the same ship, Capt. 2, it is related that if a ship, such ship will not be deemed a wreck, and a live cat was found on board this vessel, she cannot be a wreck of Admiralty, but

remain in charge of the Sheriff to be restored to the owner.

At Bedford sessions, William Cutts, of Work-sop, was arraigned for stealing "a candle," value "one penny." After the examination of two or three witnesses, one of whom stated that the "candle" had been burning some time. Mr. Waterhouse, a junior counsel of promising talent, rose and begged to suggest that a legal objection might be taken, as the indictment charged the prisoner with stealing "a candle," whereas it was now proved to be only "a part of one." This flaw proved fatal to the indictment, and the prisoner was discharged.

## WEEKLY COMPENDIUM.

The demand for "Lionel Lincoln," the new novel by the author of the *Epy*, is, we understand, very brisk.

The Students of Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania, intend to have erected a monument over the graves of their three associates who have died during this session, and are interred in the cemetery of St. Stephen's Church.

On Monday night a little before 10 o'clock, a young gentleman who was entering a house in Second street, nearly opposite New, heard the crash of falling glass, and turning his eyes in the direction whence the noise proceeded, discovered a man attempting to steal the watches from the window of Mr. L. Huray, at the corner of Second and New-street. He gave the alarm, but the villain escaped.

On Sunday afternoon, between Market and Chestnut street Wharves, a little boy, from appearance poor and friendless, fell into the dock and would inevitably have perished had it not been for the interposition of a young man present, Mr. E. K. Ophiant, who, although at this inclement season, immediately leaped into the water at the risk of his own life and brought the boy safe on shore. Such praise-worthy acts merit the gratitude of every citizen and cannot be too widely circulated.

The elegant new ship *Atlantic*, of 350 tons burthen, was launched on Monday evening, from the yard of Mr. Burton, in Southwark, near the Navy Yard. She is owned by Mr. John McCrea.

General La Fayette, Son and Secretary, and the Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Mr. Enloe of the Senate, and Mr. Baker, of the House of Representatives, arrived in Baltimore from Harrisburgh on Thursday night week. The General and family were in fine health and spirits, and left that city on Friday, at 3 o'clock, for Washington, accompanied by the above named gentlemen.

The Senate of Pennsylvania transacted no business of importance on Monday. The House of Representatives passed the Congressional navigation bill.

In the House of Representatives of this state, on Thursday week, a resolution directing the committee of ways and means to report a bill taxing insurance companies, was, after considerable debate, adopted.

The bill to incorporate the Schuylkill Coal Company has passed the committee of the whole, in the House of Representatives, with sections added incorporating the Philadelphia and Schuylkill, and the Schuylkill and Mill Creek Companies.

The amount paid by the public authorities in the State of New York, for the destruction of wolves, since the year 1813, considerably exceeds the sum of 200,000 dollars.

Parker, recently convicted of murder, in Middlesex Co. (Mass.) was hung at Leitchfield's Point, opposite Boston, in the prison yard. He was executed without public notice, at his own request. His brother, convicted of the same crime, has had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life.

A few days since at Southwark, I. E. a quarrel took place between two men, one of whom took a gun from the marketplace, and shot the other dead on the spot. The murderers are in the hands of justice.

The ports of Martineau, which had been opened for the importation of a limited quantity of broad cloths from the United States, were closed again on the 8th.

Active measures are taken in the towns upon the West branch of the Susquehanna, to test the practicability of steamboat navigation thereon.

His Excellency WILLIAM TUCKER, Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, died in Boston on Sunday morning last. Between the religious services of the day the bells of all the churches were tolled. The duties of the office will for the remainder of the year devolve on the Hon. Marcus Morton, the Lieut. Governor.

The Secretary of the Navy has recommended the construction of two dry docks; one to be located at Charleston, Mass. and the other at Newport, Va. The probable expense of the construction of both is estimated at about 700,000 dollars.

An explosion took place on the 6th inst. at the *Etna Powder Company's Works*, near Baltimore. The Stamping Mill was entirely destroyed. It is considered the work of an incendiary, as the Mill had been closed and locked up the evening before.

Mr. Appleton, Secretary of the American Legation to Spain, arrived at New York on Sunday evening, from Madrid via England, in the packet ship *Florida*, from Liverpool, with dispatches for government. He proceeded for Washington on Monday morning.

The Secretary of the Treasury has given notice that the six per cent stock of 1815, will be paid off on the 1st of April next.

The Legislative Council of Florida have undertaken to restore an Attorney, who had been suspended, for improper conduct as such, from the United States Superior Court.

A worthy gentleman who loved the character of La Fayette, named his son after him, and the latter died the birth in the family Register. Marked De Witt was born, &c.

The Board of Engineers have ordered to Mr. John B. Huxey, of Kentucky, the premium of one thousand dollars, for having presented to the Engineer Department the most approved invention for the removal of the sawyers, planters and snags in the Mississippi river.

The Postmaster General has reported to Congress, that ten thousand dollars would be sufficient to prepare the road for stages in the Indian country, for the conveyance of the mail from Washington to Natchez and New Orleans through the state of Mississippi.

It is said the snow storm which commenced on the 21st ult. extended as far as Georgetown, S. C. and occasioned considerable damage on the sea board.

William Davis, who has been in the jail of Alexandria, D. C. for nearly five years, under sentence of death, for the murder of Lambert Potter, was released on the 23d ultimo, by a free pardon from the President of the United States.

The three members of the British parliament, whose visit to our country has been frequently noticed, were at Charleston on the 29th ult. on their way to Washington, having visited the western and southern states.

On Saturday last, at Elizabethtown, N. J. the Thermometer was at six degrees below zero.

A cannon burst at Cahawba, in celebrating the battle of New Orleans, and killed Mr. Washington Cochran, a young man 20 years of age.

A prospectus has been issued at Washington, for the publication of the life of the Chevalier John Paul Jones, by John Henry Sher-

burnt, *Register of the Navy of the United States.* The work is to be comprised in a volume of from three hundred and fifty to four hundred pages, octavo form, price \$1.50 cents.

A bill providing for the election by the people of the electors of president, has been rejected in the House of Representatives, in Delaware.

In Boston, seamen are said to be extremely scarce and wages as high as \$14 to \$15.

About 30,000 white children and 1700 coloured, are receiving the benefits of the common school system of education in the city of New York.

It is said, that Commodore Porter will be sent out in the frigate *Corier* to Columbia river, where government intend to establish a naval and military force.

It is said to be the intention of General La Fayette to visit every State in the Union, before he leaves the country.

Mr. John Miller, a bookseller, in London, has invented a printing press, worked by mechanical power, which will throw off two thousand impressions in an hour, by the assistance of one man to direct the machine, and four boys to lay and remove the paper.

The Rev. Charles P. Milvaine, of Georgetown, D. C. has been appointed by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, Chaplain, and Professor of Ethics, &c. for the Military Academy, at West Point.

A wild Swan, killed on a plantation at St. John's, Cooper River, has been presented to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Charleston.

We learn from the Nantucket Inquirer, that the Secretary of the Navy has instructed Commodore Hull to send one of his vessels to the Migrave Islands, to endeavor to find those persons who were concerned in the mutiny on board the *Globe*.

The horses in the western stage from Fayetteville, N. C. on the 26th ult. took fright, and soon broke from the stage, carrying with them the pole or tongue. One of the horses continued the race for five miles, when he fell dead. The passengers escaped without injury.

His Excellency William Hendricks, Governor of Indiana, has been elected a Senator of the United States, to succeed the Hon. Walter Taylor.

The books to receive subscriptions for the stock of the Chesaw (S. C.) Bank, were opened on the 21st ult. and 7665 shares subscribed, being a surplus of 3665.

Capt. Moses Murphy, of New Alexandria, (Pa.) was drowned a few days since in attempting to cross his mill dam on the ice.

A mariner's Church is about to be erected on Fort Hill, in Boston, a delightful mount, overlooking the harbor and all the delightful scenery of the Bay and the adjacent country.

The trial of Isaac B. Desha, son of the Governor of Kentucky, for the murder of Mr. Baker, was to commence on the 17th Jan.

By a letter dated at Santiago de Chili, the 8th October, it appears that the town of Copiapo was not destroyed by the late earthquake, as has been asserted.

A letter dated at Havana, on the 13th ult. says that the brig *Edward*, of New York, from Bordeaux with that place, with a valuable cargo, has been captured and carried off, and the captain murdered, the crew and supercargo, while they were below, escaped in a boat.

Capt. Knight, of the brig *Scio*, arrived at New York from Palermo, informs that there had been no rain there for two months previously, and that the country was likely to suffer very much from the drought.

We are called upon to announce the death of George and pious man, the Right Reverend JOSEPH CECIL, Catholic Bishop of the diocese of New York. His death was occasioned by a cold, taken while in the discharge of his duties.

The following is a statement of the appropriations of the Grand Lodges of different States, as far as we have seen, for the erection of a monument over the grave of Washington, Grand Lodge of North Carolina, \$300; N. W. York, \$1000; Tennessee, \$200; New Hampshire, \$200; Alabama, \$300. This exhibits a pleasing display of liberality, and we hope to see the other states follow.

On Sunday, the 27th ult. the building of the *Rose Furnace*, St. Lawrence Co. New York, owned by G. Parish, Esq. was burnt down, together with two large coal houses adjoining. He loses about \$3000.

Joseph Mounts, who escaped from prison at Chillicothe, Ohio, about two years ago, was apprehended on the 5th ult. and returned to the place of his former confinement. He stands charged with the murder of Mr. Williams.

*Old Connecticut*, of 727. Mr. George Thompson, of Preston, Conn. Edited, the present season, four Hags, of a small home, short frame, and small ears, which, when dressed and sold, weighed as follows:—552, 577, 595, and 614 lbs. Total, 2448 lbs.

Governor Johnson of Louisiana, has resisted the numerous applications for the pardon of Dr. Provost, the murderer of Spottswood Mills.

It has been estimated that the consumption of cotton by American Manufacturers, will, this year, amount to one hundred and fifty thousand bales.

The amount of property lost by the recent fire at Columbia, S. C. is estimated at \$70,000, of which \$20,000 was insured.

We learn, says the National Intelligencer, in respect to the proceedings of the Committee on the Speaker's Communication to the House of Representatives, that Mr. Kremer has declined appearing before the committee, and has addressed them a paper, of some length, giving the reasons which have influenced him in the course which he has adopted.

This communication, we understand, was not received yesterday in season to allow the committee time to consider it before the meeting of the House. It is understood that Mr. Kremer, in his communication to the Committee, has protested, in very decided terms, against the authority of the House of Representatives, or of their committee of inquiry, to hold him responsible for having written the letter which has been the foundation of this inquiry, and has also protested against the right of the committee to place him in the attitude of an accused, and especially upon general charges, not contained in his own letter, but indicated by the Speaker.

Charles Ball was last week tried at Middlebury, Vt. for the murder of his father. A deal of evidence was adduced to prove the insanity of the murderer, but the time he had to spend in the trial lasted two days, and the jury after being absent about three hours, returned with a verdict of guilty of manslaughter, and the prisoner was sentenced to the State Prison for life. When asked by one of the witnesses if he did not regret the act he had committed, he answered, "no, he would not give a shilling nor turn over a straw to have it otherwise." He said, "as for going to the State Prison, he did not care, but as for being hung up for a spectacle for the people to look at, he would make his bed in hell, he would put a knife into his heart." The deceased was an officer in the war of the Revolution, and at the time of his death received a pension from the United States.

A curious case has lately occurred in the Legislature of the state of New York. By an inadvertence of the Speaker, a bill which had passed but two readings, and which was intended to have been seriously opposed on its third reading, received the signature of the Speaker of the House, as though it had finally

passed that body, was returned to the Senate, sanctioned by the signature of the Lieutenant Governor, and had also received the signature of the Governor, before the mistake was discovered. We can easily conceive how the Speaker could have committed the oversight, but what was the Clerk about? That both Speaker and Clerk should have misread a figure in the case, was somewhat extraordinary. Not more so, however, it appears to us, than the decision which seems to have been made upon the case, viz. that the bill had become a law without having gone through the constitutional forms. The Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and Speaker of the House of Assembly, are thus, in effect, decided to have all the Legislative and Executive power of the State in their hands. The only way in which a member could get at the bill for the purpose of opposing it, it appears, was, by introducing a bill to repeal the other bill. It would have saved trouble, if, on the principle of this decision, he could have persuaded the Presiding Officers of the two Houses, with the Governor, to sign a rescript annulling it.

There were 1059 deaths in Charleston, S. C. during the year 1824. Of these 25 were by Apoplexy, 101 by Consumption, 14 by Dropsy, 54 by Diarrhoea, 70 by Dropsy, 12 by Dysentery, 29 by Billious Fever, 69 by Liver Complaint, 26 by Intemperance, 13 by Liver Complaint, 62 by old age, 7 by Rheumatism, 1 by Small Pox, and 4 by suicide. The other diseases by which deaths were occasioned, do not indicate the state of the climate, with regard to health, nor the character of the inhabitants with regard to temperance.

**The North Carolina.**—On Sunday week, the President of the United States, the Secretary of the Navy, with several members of Congress, visited the North Carolina man-of-war. After inspecting this noble ship, the company repaired to the upper deck, where Divine Service was performed by Mr. Geer, the Chaplain. After having dined with Commodore Chauncey, the party returned to Washington.

The North Carolina is pronounced by the best judges, to be a very superior ship of her class. She mounts 30 guns, and is pierced for 102. On the upper deck she measures 220 feet; from the gun boom to the ring tail boom, the distance is 380 feet. From the upper extremity of the main mast to the bottom of the keel, is 280 feet. Taking her altogether, she is a most magnificent and truly grand object, and will, it is hoped, add to the credit of her name and nation.

**Spanish Aggression.**—In the communication to Congress, the secretary of state remarks, that the capture of the brig *James Lawrence*, by a Spanish (Porto Rico) privateer, was a "flagrant outrage upon the property of the citizens of the United States, upon which the executive government of the United States have, for the last three years constantly applied for reparation equally strenuous and unavailing; that the capture in the first instance was illegal, and that the proceedings of the court of appeals, condemning the property, were irregular, cannot be doubted. A last appeal to the justice of his catholic majesty at Madrid, is all that remains practicable in the case, short of offensive measures, which by authorising reprisals, would assume upon the United States themselves the task of dispensing to their citizens that justice which has hitherto been sought from the Spanish authorities in vain."

Four persons made their escape from the jail in Providence, R. I. on Saturday evening. George Randall, who was sentenced to 3 years imprisonment for burning a barn; a counterfeiter by the name of Briggs, and two brothers committed for assault. The first discovery of the escape was made by the father of the two brothers, who brought his sons back to the jail early on Sunday morning.

**Riches of the West.**—The Cleveland, Ohio, paper of the 21st ult. says:—"We understand that a salt spring has been discovered near the lake shore, on the east line of Euclid township, in this county. A well has been sunk to a considerable depth, and the manufacture of salt commenced. The waters of the spring are represented to be as strong as those of Salina or Onondaga, and the salt to be extremely white and excellent. A gentleman who has been employed in salt works in the state of New York, is now engaged at this spring, and we are told that there is a prospect of the works being extended and becoming an object of importance."

On Saturday last, Mr. John Armistead, a Cadet from West Point, and nephew of Col. W. K. Armistead, being in a boat in pursuit of some wild fowl, in the vicinity of Fort Washington, near Alexandria, in making use of the butt of his gun to break the ice, forced it through to the cock, the ice is so fast that he has caught the trigger and discharged the gun, the contents of which entered his throat and came out of the back part of his head. He immediately fell out of the boat into the water, and when the persons from the shore who witnessed the accident reached him, he was a corpse.

About three weeks since, Mr. Thomas Watson, of Richmond, Va. arrived in the city of New York, and took lodgings at Morse's Coffee House, near the Park Theatre. On Saturday night he was attacked with a violent fit of the gout in the cheek. By the medical aid of Dr. Stevens he was relieved before morning. During Sunday he was observed to be occasionally gloomy, bordering on dejection, and was consequently watched. On the evening of that day, while the person who waited on him was absent for a moment, he seized a very dull case knife and cut his throat. The windpipe was nearly divided. Doctor Starnes was again sent for, and the wound was carefully dressed. The unfortunate person is still living, and some hopes are entertained of his recovery. He is still deranged, and does not appear to be sensible of the act which he has committed.

A daring attempt was made, on the 28th ultimo, to rob the mail from New York to Albany, as it was ascending the hill at the head of Washington street, about a quarter of a mile north of the village of Poughkeepsie.

The straps and apron, covering the mail and baggage, were cut, and the mail bag and trunk removed from the stage without being observed by the driver or passengers. A stage which followed close upon the other, arrived at the place before the freebooters had time to remove the mail from the road, and recovered it. The trunk was found next morning in a field a little east of the place where the robbery was committed, broken open and rifled of its contents, some of which were found near the Academy in the village. The tools with which the trunk was opened were found near it; and, as it afterwards appeared, had been taken from a blacksmith's shop in Poughkeepsie.

The Bridgeport Conn. paper of the 2d, says that a serious and inhuman quarrel lately took place in N. W. Fairfield, between Mr. James Brush and his son. It appears that both were addicted to intemperance, and frequently had disputes. On the day the affray took place, Brush armed himself with a loaded gun, a butcher knife, and a stick with spikes in each end, and then sent his daughter into the house to invite his son to the combat. The son went to the door, when the father attempted to shoot him, but the gun missed fire—he drew back to try again, when the son turned

the muzzle of the gun, and seized upon his father. A desperate struggle ensued, in which the old man got the advantage, threw his son on the ground, and awfully goaded him with the spike, plunging it two or three inches into his body. It was thought the son could not live.

A very destructive fire happened at St. Augustine on the 22d ult. It broke out about 9 o'clock at night, and lasted till between 3 and 4 next morning. A good deal of damage was done. The Custom House was burnt, and six or seven buildings, and papers were saved. Among the dwelling houses destroyed, we understand, was the new and elegant one belonging to the Marquis De Fougere.

A bill has passed the Senate of Massachusetts, says 16, noes 9, authorizing all persons conscientiously scrupulous of taking an oath, to make affirmations in Courts of Justice.—This privilege has hitherto been allowed in that State only to members of the religious denominations of Quakers and Shakers. In Great Britain, no affirmation will be received in a criminal case.

We are happy to learn, (says the National Intelligencer,) from an authentic source, that the British Government has very recently communicated to this government, through our Minister at London, the interesting information, that Government has come to the determination to recognize the Independence of Mexico and Buenos Ayres, and also of Colombia, reserving a declaration, as to the latter, until the effect of the contest in Peru be more certainly developed; and that this determination will be communicated successively to all the other foreign powers.

A letter from Thomas Parker, Esq. at Amsterdam, to Mr. Bannister, of Newburyport, Mass. gives the following particulars of the dreadful devastation, by the flood at St. Petersburg. It says, "that 5000 people were drowned in the city, besides a number of prisoners that could not be released. A village near the city, called Ennilamacks, was totally destroyed, and 8000 people drowned. The militia for eight miles round, were employed in picking up and burying the dead—500 oxen were drowned in the slaughter houses. The loss of sugar was to the amount of from four to five millions of dollars."

A southern paper states that in the legislature of Louisiana, some of the orators speak in French and others in English—and that the clerk of the house acts as interpreter between the parties. The paper goes on to state that the French language is vanishing every day more and more, and that the English is destined to swallow up the French language, at least in Louisiana.

The whole number of deaths in the city of Boston the past year, was 1297: the greatest number in any one month was 154, in September. There was about an equal number of males and females. Of the whole number, 242 died of Consumption; 174 of Fever; 45 of Dysentery; 30 of Croup; 22 of Intemperance! The number of males between ten and 30 years of age was 35; the number of females being 128. The number of males between 30 and 50 years was 141; the number of females 107. One male and three females between 90 and 100 years.

The Wilkesbarre (Pa.) paper of the 28th ult. contains a melancholy account of the death of a Mr. Sidney S. Slocum, of Abington. Mr. S. had business at a grist mill in that place, and it is presumed he slipped through the floor, part of which had been taken up, and became entangled among the wheels, as his body was found lying across a piece of timber, literally torn in pieces; one half of his head was missing. Mr. S. has left a large family.

We learn from the Pittsburgh paper, that Mr. Owen of Lanark, has returned to Pittsburgh from Indiana. We understand he has purchased Harmony from Mr. Happ, and that he intends to establish a community there on the plan adopted by him for ameliorating the condition of the working classes of society.—He delivered a Lecture, in explanation of this plan, to a very crowded audience in the First Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh.

**CASE OF SEDUCTION.**—At the January term of the court of Common Pleas held at Genesee, in Livingston County, N. Y. the cause of Hopestill Beebe, vs. John H. Bice, for the seduction of the plaintiff's daughter, came on for trial. After a patient investigation of the testimony produced, the cause was ably summed up by the counsel for the plaintiff: when the jury retired, and returned with a verdict of six hundred dollars damages, for the plaintiff—being all the defendant was proved to be worth.

**CONGRESS.**—The House of Representatives, on Monday last, decided in favor of the motion of Mr. Evans to strike out that part of the third rule for the government of the house in the election of President, which requires the galleries to be cleared of any state. The galleries are to remain open, and stenographers are to be admitted into the house during the election.

**SLAVERY IN ILLINOIS.** Gov. Coles, of Illinois, it will be recollected, was prosecuted and fined in one of the Courts of that state, sometime last summer, for having liberated his slaves. No way intimidated, however, by the opposition which he has experienced in his benevolent views from the slave holders, he has now recommended to the legislature of that state the entire abolition of slavery, as speedily as it can be done consistently with the public good, and the rights and claims of the parties concerned. He also recommends the passage of laws to ameliorate the kidnapping crime, which he represents as having become a regular trade, carried on to a vast extent, to the country bordering on the lower Mississippi, up the Red River, and even to the West Indies.

**FROM HAYTI.** A letter from an officer of the United States' schr. *Grampus*, dated at Port au Prince, Dec. 29th, says:—"I met several parties of emigrants, and was pleased at finding them contented with their present situation, and anticipating with pleasure their future prospects. I would not wish to be understood as asserting that to be universally the case, as there are some turbulent and worthless wretches, who are incapable of making good citizens except by coercion, any where. Persons of this description, I will venture to assert, will generally be found to be those who have in the United States lived as house servants, during which part of their lives they have learned 'to ape their betters' and 'play high life below stairs.' As I have been informed by several well informed natives, they wish all at once to be Colonels and Generals, and Politicians, seeming to have formed the idea that they had been sent for to wield the destinies of the nation, not to afford them an opportunity of acquiring a competency for themselves and children, and enjoying it 'under the shade of their own vine, and their own fig tree.' You are no doubt acquainted with the terms on which these people have been received in Hayti, and notwithstanding all that may be said, I believe they will be virtually and efficiently compelled with this government. Persons of colour who have been accustomed

to, and are willing to labour, have here an opportunity of acquiring the comforts of life, and fewer drawbacks than in any other place."

## PIRACY AND MURDER.

Captain Bacon, of Boston, at Newburyport, N. C. from Matanzas, which place he left on the 10th of January, states, that on the 7th, a sailor arrived there by the name of Collins, who sailed from Wiscasset in the Brig *Betty*, Capt. Hilton. When about 21 days out, he struck on the N. E. range of Double Headed Shot Keys, and went to pieces. All hands took to the long boat, and arrived at a small inlet near Cuba shore; while they were gaining with some fishermen to carry them to Matanzas, an open boat came in with two rates, who in cold blood MURDERED ALL the *Betty's* crew, except the above named Collins, who escaped to the woods, and by secreting himself in trees part of the day, and travelling in the night, arrived at Matanzas. The *Betty* was loaded with lumber from Wiscasset, bound to Matanzas.

Another account received by Captain Bacon at Baltimore, states that another of the crew of the *Betty*, escaped in a boat, and was afterwards taken up by a droger, carried to Havana and put into prison; but was subsequently released through the interference of Com. Porter, and taken to Matanzas.

A letter received by the editor of the *Charleston Courier*, dated Matanzas, Jan. 15th, says:—"I have nothing to communicate except the report of the capture of a *Privateer Boat* by the boats of H. B. M. ship *Porpoise*, which had a few days since murdered the crew (except one man, who escaped, and is now here), of the brig *Betty*, of Wiscasset, bound here—a circumstance at which humanity shudders, and of which the American government will doubtless take notice."

**LATEST FROM CALLAO, DIRECT.** The ship *Providence*, Captain Powers, arrived at Providence





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